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A DARING PIECE OF BRAVADO.

FROM THE DIARY OF AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT.

I had been engaged in correcting other men's errors, straightening out their tangles, and exposing their crookedness for several years, when, one morning, I received through the post what was practically an anonymous letter. It was enclosed in a plain envelope, written on a plain notehead, and signed simply with the initials "T. Q. P." In it the writer briefly, but urgently, requested me to make it convenient to be at my office at five that afternoon, when he would call and lay before me an important matter of business in my especial line.

Punctually at the hour named my mysterious correspondent appeared. He proved to be a tall, rather flabby man, in middle life dressed with almost fussy neatness, and seemingly of high respectability. He had sparse, sandy hair and reddish side-whiskers; otherwise his face was smooth, and looked strangely gaunt in contrast with his heavy figure. His nose was aquiline, his chin sharp, and his lips so thin as to be nearly invisible when firmly closed. His eyes, which were gray and well set back under shaggy, prominent brows, were among his least pleasing features. They moved about restlessly, and seldom by any chance could they be induced to meet my gaze for more than a moment.

"You must pardon my writing to you just as I did, Mr. Birkwood, but the business I have to consult you about demands the utmost secrecy," he said, speaking with the primness and precision that might be expected from such severely cut lips as his. His voice was harsh in tone, and marked by a slight lisp, which I took to be due to a nick observable in one of his front teeth. I never had heard a voice like it before, and it had in it a peculiar disagreeable quality which I thought I should not soon forget.

"My name is Prentiss," he went on. "I am one of the partners in the firm of Naylor & Co., importers of and dealers in miscellaneous dry goods. You may have heard of us."

"Well, occasionally," I returned, in a tone meant to be mildly and humorously sarcastic. He was quick to note my insinuation.

"You never have done any business with us, have you?" he demanded, and to my fancy he looked a little startled at the idea.

I had no personal acquaintance with Naylor & Co. I had merely sought to convey the intimation that this firm was too well known for a man in my line not to have heard of it repeatedly. I explained this, and I thought he seemed relieved, though he interrupted me with a gruff:

"Of course, to be sure; I knew we couldn't have had you. I never forget faces, and I haven't seen yours before." He paused, picked up an ink-eraser from my desk, and began to scan its edge critically. Then, with his gaze still thus occupied he went on: "We have with us a bookkeeper, who has been with us for upwards of twenty years. He is a man of about my age! in fact, my connection with the firm and his began at the same time." He dug the point of the eraser into one corner of my sheet of blotting-paper, and bent a little toward me, although without lifting his eyes to mine. He sunk his harsh voice to a semi-whisper that was intended to be confidential, and, without intention, was particularly sibilant and disagreeable. "Until quite recently," he pursued, "we have trusted this man implicitly, Mr. Birkwood, but our suspicions at last have been, if not exactly deeply aroused, at least considerably stirred."

He paused, wrinkling his shaggy brows, and pressing his thin lips together until his mouth was but a hair-breadth line, giving his gaunt face a look preternaturally severe. He continued to punch holes nervously in the blotting-paper, and seemed to be waiting for me to speak.

"You have something definite upon which to base your suspicions, I infer," I remarked presently.

"No, we have not; nothing of the kind," Mr. Prentiss answered hastily. "If we had, probably I should not have come to you. Our bookkeeper always has borne, and still bears, an unblemished reputation. He is a prominent church member in the town where he has his home, and he enjoys the esteem and respect of all his fellow citizens." He spoke with a good deal of emphasis, and also, I imagined, with a touch of defiance in his tone, as if my ready assumption of his bookkeeper's suspicious behavior had been unwarranted.

"So far as his obligations towards the firm are concerned," he pursued after a momentary pause, during which he darted at me one of his brief, shifty glances, "he has given absolutely no cause for complaint. In fact, as an accountant, we have always found him efficient, accurate, and reliable in every way, and our relations had been most cordial and friendly."

"What then," I ventured to ask, somewhat at a loss, "has led you to suspect that—that he is not all he should be?"

"I will tell you—that was the point I was coming to," Mr. Prentiss replied, dropping the ink eraser, and moving uneasily to another position in his chair. "Mr. Birkwood, when you see a married man, a middle-aged married man, paying persistent attention to a beautiful and dashing widow, in danger of losing his head and all sense of his obligations toward his wife and children—when you see such a man carrying on in such fashion, I say you don't regard him as a person to be blindly trusted with uncounted gold, do you?" He sat back in his chair and eyed me covertly from under the protection of his shaggy brows.

"Oho!" I ejaculated, "so that's it, is it?"

"That's it, sir; that's it, precisely, and a most unpleasant matter it is to have to bring up." Once more he leaned foward, and again his gaze became uneasy and directed itself anywhere else than at my face. "We know—we have learned from unimpeachable good evidence—that our book-keeper has lately been conducting himself in a manner that is, to say the least, open to criticism, and, Mr. Birkwood, we fear the worst. It is manifestly impossible to predict to what length such folly may go, but if he were to run away with this too fascinating person, first well lining his pocket from our cash drawer, why, it would be—ahem!—unfortunate."

"Most assuredly," I assented.

"Yes; therefore we must take precautions; we must take precautions, sir." He compressed his lips again and nodded his head several times. "Mr. Birkwood," he continued, "you now see why I have called upon you. Can you come to our office some evening very soon and go through this man's accounts with me? Not all of them, of course—that would be an interminable task—but say the private ledger, some of the recent vouchers, and—and—well, in fact, you will know how to get an idea of whether all is right or not."

"Certainly, Mr. Prentiss; I can come whenever you choose to have me; to-night as well as any time."

"Very well, do so then," he said, rising. I will be there to let you in at 8 o'clock. It may be an all-night job, in which case you must charge accordingly. Expense, you comprehend, is of absolutely no account with a house of our standing. In saying this he had the grand air of one to whom millions are as dollars are to the ordinary mortal, then he wound up with quite unnecessary emphasis as follows: "And let me impress it distinctly on your mind, Mr. Birkwood, that this affair is to be kept an inviolable secret, both now and afterward. On no account are you to mention or even distantly refer to it to any one but myself, and not to me unless I should speak of it first."

I assured him, with perhaps pardonable hauteur, that I was not in the habit of discussing my clients' business with third persons, and, seeming at length to be satisfied, he went away.

The firm of Naylor & Co. was one of the oldest business concerns in the city. Naturally, I was glad of a chance to open a connection with such a house, although it struck me that an examination of their account books made within the space of one evening must be necessarily of the most superficial.

Naylor & Co.'s massive and lofty warehouse stood about in the latitude of Canal Street. When, at 8 o'clock, I tapped upon the glass of one of its lower doors, I was promptly admitted by Mr. Prentiss, who seemed to have been on the watch for me. He greeted me in a lowered tone, and put his finger to his lips as a cautionary signal, although there was no one about to see or hear us. After he had closed the door carefully, we crossed the extensive first floor, which was lighted by several isolated gas jets burning at half-pressure, and mounted a stairway to the second story where a long row of offices, private, semi-private, and quasi-public, was seen partitioned off from the main body of the warehouse. We entered one of these, and Mr. Prentiss showed me to a chair before a flat-topped table. Here, presently, he brought to me several books and a tin trunk. The latter held a large number of paid bills, receipts and other vouchers; one of the books, from the strong brass clasp and lock upon it, I knew to be the private ledger; the other books contained records of various transactions that need not be here specified.

"These will do to begin on," he said, seating himself at my side and unlocking the box and the ledger. "That you may understand what I particularly wish of you, Mr. Birkwood, let me inform you that we are importing goods from Europe very heavily at this season of the year. We pay prompt cash for everything, and our bookkeeper has entire control of the settlements, in which large amounts of money are involved. You are to look sharp and assure yourself beyond a doubt that all this cash has been properly applied." I fell to work at once, and he helped me. Such a thorough and complete knowledge of bookkeeping did he show that I almost wondered at his having called me in at all. Certainly he could have conducted the investigation without my aid had he chosen.

Soon after midnight there was a discreet knock at our door. Mr. Prentiss rose rather hurriedly, and, opening the door a little, went out, shutting it after him. Presently he returned with a napkin covered tray.

"Our watchman," he explained briefly. "I gave him orders that we were not to be disturbed, and to forget to-morrow that we are doing anything here to-night."

Reinvigorated by the hot luncheon which the man had brought, we resumed our labors at 1 o'clock and kept at them uninterruptedly for several hours longer. By the time day began to dawn I had finished the stint set for me by Mr. Prentiss, although it is hardly necessary to add, but a comparatively small portion of the firm's vast accounts had been gone over. I had given my attention to the more dangerous places, that was all. No errors of any kind, no suspicious inaccuracies, nothing in the least out of the way had appeared. Naylor & Co.'s books, so far as I had become acquainted with them, were unimpeachably correct and models of their kind. The firm's bookkeeper must be a past master of his craft, and I told Mr. Prentiss so in the sincerest admiration.

"Yes," he returned, in a quiet tone, though I could see that his deep-set eyes lighted up momentarily and his sallow face flushed a little, "we flatter ourselves that in our Mr.—— we have a bookkeeper who thoroughly knows his business. I am much relieved, Mr. Birkwood, to have all turn out so well. If you will make a bill of your charges and leave it with me I will approve it and see that you get your check in due course."

I did as he requested, and he folded my bill carefully and put it in his pocket. Then he let me out at the street door and bade me good-bye. The watchman who had brought the luncheon was nowhere to be seen.

Some days later I found among my letters one bearing upon its envelope the name of Naylor & Co. Naturally I supposed it contained the promised check. I was somewhat surprised, therefore, upon opening it to uncover simply a request, in a few lines, that I would call at the firm's office at my very earliest convenience.

The matter seeming urgent I went as soon as I had looked through the other mail. On my arrival I was ushered into what seemed a strictly private office, and, coincidently, the presence of four men, who, I inferred, were partners in the firm. One of these was elderly, two were middle-aged, and the fourth was still comparatively young. None of them had I ever met before. It was at once evident to me that they had been engaged in discussing matters of grave import, and from the disturbed expression of their countenances I judged that something of an unpleasant nature had lately happened. It was the gray-haired senior who first addressed me. "We can hardly say we are glad to see you, Mr. Birkwood," he said, forcing an attempt at a smile that seemed almost as incongruous as a jest might have been at a funeral. "Our reason for sending for you is—ahem!—most unpleasant. We wish you to make an immediate examination of our books and accounts. We want it to be thorough, but to be finished as quickly as possible."

Frequently I have had cause to congratulate myself on being able while dealing with my clients to stick to a few safe rules, namely, not to speak without due reflection; not to answer questions that have not been asked; no to volunteer uncalled for information; not to act upon impulse—in short, to use an expressive colloquialism, not to be "too previous." It was on the tip of my tongue to refer to what I had done for the firm a few evenings earlier; then, chancing to recall Mr. Prentiss' explicit and oft-repeated recommendation to be silent upon the matter unless spoken to, I refrained. Glad enough have I been since that I did so.

"We desire that the investigation be finished as quickly as possible," repeated the old gentleman, in a voice that grew slightly tremulous, "because—because—" He hesitated, consulted the others by a look, then resumed: "Well, not to make a mystery of it to you, Mr. Birkwood, our bookkeeper, who has been in our service nearly a quarter of a century, has—we have just learned that he has committed suicide, and we want to know what shape he has left his accounts in."

Now I could understand the reason for the pale, troubled faces of the four partners. Such a gruesome event as this must have been a great shock to them. The sudden and violent death of one whom we have known and have been intimately associated with for many years, who we have seen and talked with yesterday perhaps—it is enough to upset a little the equilibrium of the least sympathetic and imaginative mind. I was shocked, too, although not from the same cause as that which moved the partners in Naylor & Co. I never had laid eyes upon the deceased bookeeper, to my knowledge; personally he was nothing to me; yet, coming as it did, the news of his suicide struck me with a cold chill.

Had Mr. Prentiss' suspicions had some basis in fact, and were the bookkeeper's accounts falsified after all? And had I, who called myself an expert, and who prided myself on being able to run down and corner the smallest, most obscure clerical inaccuracy that ever lurked in hiding, had I failed to discover what lay beneath my very eyes? If so, I might well be accused of unpardonable negligence or stupidity. The temperature of my cold chill fell still lower as I reflected that my reputation as an expert would be practically ruined should my shortcomings ever be brought to light.

The four members of the firm seemed to be ignorant of the fact that already I had done a considerable amount of detective work among their books. Why was this so? I could not understand the present aspect of affairs at all. Where was Mr. Prentiss? Why had he not told his associates of the services I had been called in to render? Certainly he had implied in his talk with me that he was spokesman and agent for the firm, that all were interested and equally well informed as to what he was doing. There were many things I wished to know, but it was plain that I must not attempt to gain my knowledge by asking questions. From motives of policy it behooved me to be strictly on my guard. For the present I must maintain a discreet reticence and proceed with caution It was regrettable that I was to be forced into using duplicity. Should discovery come eventually, I must put on the best face possible; meanwhile there was no call for me to go a single step to invite my own undoing. I therefore awaited the course of events, inwardly fearful, while appearing sufficiently composed to avoid calling curious or unfavorable attention.

"You have competent assistants whom you can employ, I suppose," remarked one of the middle-aged partners, after a short silence.

"We should want you to put on as many as could work together to advantage," added the youngest of the four, when I had bowed an affirmative to the other's query.

"How soon can you begin?" asked the senior.

"I will come myself this afternoon," I answered. My assistants are within easy call, and I can have them here by evening at the latest."

"Very good," approved my questioner. I think we need detain you no longer, at present; need we, Mr. Prentiss?"

"I think not, Mr. Selfridge."

Involuntarily, I shot a curious glance at the speaker, the middle-aged partner, who had kept silence until now. Were there, then, two members of the firm bearing the name of Prentiss? If so, there was no evidence to show that they were kinsmen, for certainly there was no family resemblance between this Mr. Prentiss and the other. They were of about the same height and build, it was true, and perhaps on a government passport their descriptions might have tallied in a general way, but nobody would have thought of asserting that they looked alike. Shadowy doubts and vague distrust anent my Mr. Prentiss were beginning to gather in my mind. More light than there was I should have been glad to get from some source, but I dared not run the risk of appearing too inquisitive.

I brought my force of workers together as soon as practicable, and began what I knew would be a labor of considerable magnitude. Upon the assumption that I had overlooked, in my previous researches, something that needed finding out, it was necessary that I should proceed this time with extraordinary care. At the end of the second evening I went home without having made any discoveries that could reflect upon the integrity of the dead accountant, or injure my own hard-earned reputation. Meanwhile, by indirect methods and with the utmost discretion, I had been acquiring information. I learned that there were two Messrs. Prentiss in the firm of Naylor & Co., but that the one I had not seen was a man fully as old as Mr. Selfridge, and that he had been absent for full three months in Europe, where he was traveling with his family. As for the sixth partner, he was also abroad, buying goods. There was no other person bearing the name of Prentiss connected in any way with the house. The identity of my strange visitor and the object of his coming to me remained, therefore, a mystery. Much of my work for Naylor & Co. was done in the evening, and it so chanced that I was able to interview the night-watchman without arousing either his or anbody else's suspicions. He was an old man, and he told me he had been in the firm's employ for more than thirty years. He had held his present position during nearly a decade and all that while had been absent from his nightly watch fewer than half-a-dozen times. It transpired, somewhat curiously, that one of those absences occurred on the very evening when I had come to work with the supposed Mr. Prentiss. The man who had brought us the luncheon, and whom I had not seen, must have been a substitute, then.

It may be possible to keep some things out of the columns of the newspapers, but so many things get into them as to tempt the public to believe that if a bit of news is considered worth publishing it will appear in one or another enterprising journal—perhaps in all of them—almost as soon as the event it represents has occurred. I consider it more than surprising, therefore, that the story of Naylor & Co.'s bookkeeper's suicide was kept a secret by the firm for nearly two days. Then the facts leaked out, were gradually collected, and as greedily snapped up when spread abroad, and a sensation of the first-class was the result.

The name of the unhappy man was Pembridge; his age, as published, was 54. He was described as being tall, thin, smooth-faced, and wearing a brown wig. The manner of his death was, briefly, as follows: Two evenings before that on which I was summoned for the second time to the office of Naylor & Co., a tall, lank, dark man had hired a small boat near Fort Lee ferry and gone out rowing on the Hudson. Later that night the same boat had been picked up as it was floating down stream, about off Pier 43, by the police tug Pavonia, of Hoboken. In it were found a man's hat, coat, waistcoat and boots. In the pocket of the coat was discovered a sealed note, addressed to Naylor & Co., which was delivered to that firm next morning. By it the writer, Theodore Pembridge, informed his employers that he was tired of life and had resolved to drown himself. No other cause was given for his act, and no reference was made to the state of his accounts. It was learned further that Mrs. Pembridge received the same morning through the regular mail a letter the contents of which had given her a severe shock. This was supposed to have come from her husband, and to have advised her of his intended suicide. The exact tenor of the communication, however, was being kept private by the afflicted family. Mrs. Pembridge had taken to her bed and could not be seen, and none of the other members of the household could be induced to talk on the subject of Mr. Pembridge's death. The body had not been recovered and was supposed to have been carried out to sea.

During the third day of my researches, a discovery of vital importance was made. Luckily for my professional pride, already suffering from a secret wound, it was I and not one of my assistants who chanced upon this clue of one of the cleverest deceptions ever resorted to by a falsifier of accounts to cover his rascality. It was by the merest good luck that I hit upon it, in ground I had gone over once before, and I really wondered less at having missed it the first time than at finding it at all.

Without going into unintelligible technicalities I will simply add that it did infinite credit to Mr. Pembridge's ingenuity, whatever may be said of his rectitude.

The scent once uncovered, it was comparatively easy to run down the game. With the help of my corps of subordinates I checked back Mr. Pembridge's work for a period covering nearly two years, and was enabled to show to his grieved and astonished employers that during that time he had succeeded in robbing them, under their very noses, as it were, of a sum rather exceeding $60,000. None but a firm of the most ample cash resources could have been thus wronged, even by a trusted employe, without a much speedier discovery. As it was from what I could gather, none of them seemed to have suspected anything until a very recent date. It was only another of the many examples of the folly which trusts too blindly in the integrity of an old and assumed to be faithful servant.

During the course of my labors on this case not the slightest reference was made to my previous services in the firm's behalf, and I neither saw nor heard anything of the bill of charges I had drawn up for the benefit of the—as I was forced to designate him now—fictitious "Mr. Prentiss." I was much less vexed at the prospect of being obliged to charge the debt off to profit and loss than at the baffling mystery which enshrouded the whole transaction.

In the due time, having finished my authorized researches and received a prompt check in payment, I bowed myself out of Naylor & Company's office, and went my way, supposing my relations with the firm to have come to an end. It turned out that I had come to a too hasty conclusion. For what happened next I can take no credit to myself. It was one of those pieces of pure luck which sometimes befall a man, and by which, I will admit I have been favored rather frequently in the course of my life.

One evening of the week following that in which I finished my work in the counting-room of Naylor & Co., I started to go over to Hoboken to pay a social call. I had dined near Washington Square, and from there took my way towards the Christopher Street ferry. The night was agreeably mild, and I stood outside on the forward deck of the boat, where I could breathe fresh air and enjoy the view of the moving lights upon the river and the stationary ones alongside it. There were few passengers aboard, and only two vehicles. One of the latter was a closed public carriage, the other a heavy truck, drawn by four horses. The carriage was so very much closed that it was impossible for me to decide whether it was occupied or not. By and by, as we were nearing the Jersey shore something happened to one of the truck horses. He had either a fit or the blind staggers, or some other equine disorder, and he made a considerable disturbance. His three companions began to stamp and paw the deck with their great hoofs, so that the pair attached to the carriage, hearing the noise behind them, became uneasy and restless also. And presently, as the noise increased, they took actual alarm and began to move forward. It happened they were already near the front gate of the boat, so that if in any way they could contrive to break through it, they would almost certainly go over into the water, of course dragging the carriage after them. The driver pulled them up, or tried to do so, accompanying his sharp jerks at the reins with some energetic, half-frightened oaths. At that the right-hand door of the carriage was opened and a man's head appeared.

"Take care what you are doing, driver," cried the owner of the head, "or you'll have us overboard."

He said no more, for seeing my curious gaze fixed upon him, and noticing also that two deck hands had sprung to the horses' bridles, he quickly dodged back and closed the door. But the light from the pier head had shone full upon him, and brief as had been my glimpse of him, it had sufficed for me to note his wide trap-like mouth and the slight nick in one of his front teeth. His side-whiskers had been shaved off, but that gaunt face was unmistakeable, as was the sound of his harsh voice, also the lisp I so well remembered in connection with my "Mr. Prentiss."

I suddenly gave up the idea of making my call, and resolved to devote my evening to other and more important business. On leaving the boat I set myself at the delicate task of shadowing "Mr. Prentiss." I was obliged to follow his carriage on foot, for I found no conveyance accessible near the ferry slip, but as I was lean and wiry and sound-winded, I had no great difficulty in doing this. The driver of the carriage, previously instructed I inferred, took the direction up the hill and into a street behind, or above the park, where finally he stopped before an unlighted private house. I contrived to find an obscure nook as a post of observation, and from there I saw my man alight. After him, as I had suspected would be the case, came a woman. She was veiled and somewhat closely wrapped. Still I was able to conjecture from her walk general bearing that she was young, or at least youngish. The pair went quickly up the steps and into the house, the carriage being immediately driven off. I waited and watched, expecting to see a light appear shining from one of

(Concluded on Fourth Page.)

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 20, 1899.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
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"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

A FEW years ago, the newspapers in different cities contained accounts of a young man, totally deaf, who had an apparatus that enabled him to hear. The contrivance was connected with a portable electric battery, which he carried in his pocket. Very few deaf persons placed the slightest confidence in the story. It was generally thought that the young man could hear just as well without his instrument as with it, and that he was a fakir whose object was to make money, by exciting sympathy on account of his alleged affliction, and admiration at his seemingly extraordinary ingenuity. This impression was fostered by the fact that he made collections from the public for the ostensible purpose of getting his contrivance patented. He was helped towards Washington, D. C. —though it was noted by those who followed his course that the direction was rather devious—and then suddenly be passed into the oblivion from whence he came.

But this week another claim is made for an instrument fashioned upon the same lines as the aforementioned. The difference is that its inventor is an electrical engineer, can hear well himself, and has made two deaf-mutes hear by aid of his invention. The following, which is going the rounds of the Press, will explain:—

MOBILE, ALA., April 15.—M. R. Hutchinson, consulting and supervising electric engineer for the Seventh and Eight lighthouse districts and for the Mobile Light and Railroad Company, a native of this city and graduate of the Alabama Polytechnic Institute, placed on exhibition to-day an instrument he calls the akoulallion, which enabled Liman Gould and Martin Durant, two young men born totally deaf, to hear and articulate voice sounds, which they repeated as far as they were able. Hutchinson is only 22 years old and has devoted three years to the perfection of his apparatus, which in the opinion of local medical men, is the most perfect instrument invented for the purpose of enabling the deaf to hear. On the same electrical principle employed is a larger apparatus, by which an instructor can communicate speech to any number of pupils at one time without confusion.

Hutchinson has put together a portable instrument with a small pocket battery, by means of which a deaf-mute was enabled to hear the playing of a piano at a distance of sixty feet and to distinguish a voice in ordinary conversational tones. The young inventor had previously made a reputation here as an expert electrician, and had also learned what to avoid as injurious to subjects by studying the formation of the ear at the Alabama Medical College.

For over twenty years the JOURNAL editor has been praying and hoping that some one would invent an apparatus that would convey sounds to the brain without having to do with the auditory nerves. Has such an instrument at last been contrived? We very much doubt it.

There have been any number of "phones" invented and lauded in the newspapers before this one. Their claims have been just as broad. But a little investigation proved that they were useful only in certain isolated cases of partial deafness. Perhaps the "akoulallion" possesses greater merits—in spite of its name—than any of the others. If that is really the case, Mr. M. R. Hutchinson, of Mobile, Ala., can get plenty of free advertising in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL if he will forward an "akoulallion" to the editor, for a short trial by himself and some others who carry just as jauntily their handicap of deafness.

THANKS to Superintendent Knight for the Fourteenth Biennial Report of the Oregon School for the education of Deaf-Mutes. There were 71 pupils enrolled during the two years which the Report embraces. Supt. Knight asks that the location of the school be more central, that provision be made for oral teaching and industrial training. All of which we hope he will get.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

The Gallaudets Capture Four Games.

THE SECOND TEAM LOSES TWO.

A Few Interesting News Notes.

From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D.C., April 17, 1899.—Four games and as many victories is the record of the baseball team the past week. The first game was on Wednesday with our old rivals, the Episcopal High School, of Alexandria, Va. Time was when this school used to beat us nearly every year, but last year and this we turned the tables on them. In fact, they narrowly escaped a shut out this time, for at the end of the seventh inning the score stood 9 to 0 in our favor. But when the High School boys went to the bat in the eighth, the first man made a hit, stole second and came home on two successive hits. This left a man on first and second. A balk by Waters gave them a base, and on a wild throw by Stutsman to first, both trotted home. Another hit scored them one more run.

The Score:

GALLAUDET.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stutsman, 3b.,	5	2	2	0	1	1
Bumgardner, l.f.,	4	1	1	0	0	0
Davis, ss.,	4	0	1	3	8	0
Andree, c.,	5	0	2	4	1	0
Chambers, c.f.,	5	0	1	2	0	0
Brooks, 1b.,	5	0	0	12	0	0
Geilfuss, 2b.,	4	3	1	2	3	0
Rosson, r.f.,	4	2	2	0	0	0
Waters, p.,	4	1	2	1	1	0
Totals,	40	9	12	24	14	1

EPISCOPAL H. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Harton, c.,	4	1	0	5	0	0
Stearns, s.s.,	4	0	1	2	2	1
Waters, c.f.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
W. A. Baker, p.,	3	0	0	1	1	1
McCulloch, 1b.,	3	0	1	8	0	1
Lake, 3b.,	3	0	0	0	3	1
E. Y. Baker, r.f.,	2	0	0	0	0	0
Ausley, 2b.,	3	1	1	2	2	1
Lander, l.f.,	3	0	0	3	0	0
Holt, p.,	1	1	1	1	0	0
Totals.	30	4	4	23	8	5

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	
GALLAUDET,	0	2	0	2	3	1	1	0	—9
EPISCOPAL H. S.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	4	—4

SUMMARY:—Two-base hit—Stearns. Three-base hit—Stutsman. Stolen Bases—McCulloch, Andree. Double plays—Geilfuss, Davis and Brooks. Balk—Waters 1. Base on balls—Baker 2. Struck out—by Waters 2, Baker 3. Passed ball—Horton 1. Time of game-one hour and fifteen minutes. Umpire—Messrs. W. Rosson and Reade.

INNINGS.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
GALLAUDET,	1	0	3	1	0	1	0	4	x	—10
CENTRAL H. S.,	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	—3

GALLAUDET,	1	0	3	3	0	0	8	0	0	—15
EASTERN H. S.,	4	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	1	—7

Then on Saturday came the greatest triumph. Our boys went down to Fredericksburg and turned the tables on Fredericksburg College, which beat us Saturday 2 to 1, by the safe score of 8 to 6. This team has been wiping up the earth, as it were, with such big teams as Lafayette, and Yale Law, and we justly feel considerably elated over our victory. Both teams changed pitchers in this game, Gallaudet putting in Waters, vice Rosson, and Fredericksburg Kennedy, vice Latimer. Waters also pitched for us in the game Wednesday, and in both he did splendidly. Rosson is resting for the League games which begin Tuesday with Maryland Agricultural College. We predict a victory for Gallaudet in this game as well as the others of the league series. We are going to have that banner. We must have it. There's a vacant place in the new case in the Reading Room waiting to be filled.

Score of the Fredericksburg game:

GALLAUDET,	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Stutsman, 3b	5	2	2	5	1	1
Bungardner, l.f.,	5	1	1	2	1	0
Davis, ss.,	5	0	0	2	2	1
Andree, c.,	4	1	1	9	1	1
Rosson, r.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	0
Brooks, 1b.,	5	1	1	5	0	0
Waters, p.,	5	1	2	0	1	1
Chambers, c.f.,	3	1	0	0	1	1
Geilfuss, 2b.,	3	0	0	3	3	1
Totals,	40	8	8	27	10	7

FREDERICKSBURG,	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Franklin, c.f.,	3	1	1	1	0	1
Latimer, p.,	5	1	0	2	1	2
Kenedy, 3b.,	5	1	2	1	2	0
Stidham, 2b.,	4	2	2	2	2	0
Knox, 1b.,	5	0	1	6	1	0
Manner, c.,	4	0	0	13	0	1
Dawes, l.f.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Goolrick, s.s.,	2	0	0	1	2	3
George, r.f.,	2	1	0	1	0	0
Totals,	36	6	6	27	8	7

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
GALLAUDET,	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	3	2	—8
FREDELICKSBURG,	2	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	—6

Summary: Two-base hits—Kennedy and Waters. Three-base hit—Stidham. Bases stolen—Stutsman 2, Rosson, Manner 2, Goolrich and George. Double-plays Goolrich, Knox and Manner. Bases on balls—Waters 6, Kennedy 2. Bases on hit by pitched balls, by Kennedy 1 and Waters 1. Struck out by Waters 9, by Kennedy 11. Passed balls—Manner 2, Andree 1. Time of game-two hours. Umpire—Mr. R. Knox.

The second team played two games during the week. The first with the Zephyrs to whom they lost 17 to 5. The second was with Gongoga College and they again lost 7 to 5.

The lawn tennis players began practice during the week. We ought to make a good showing in that branch of sport when the league game come off. But many of our best tennis players are on baseball and track teams and will not have the time for practice. Had they the time they would not play, as there is to be a league game of baseball on the same day.

The Mt. Airy girls received a visit Saturday from a friend, a Miss Matthews, who once attended the Mt. Airy School.

There were deaf visitors, two ladies and a gentleman, at the college Thursday. They were from New England, having been pupils of the Horace Mann and Northampton Schools. Miss Marshall, '00 who knew them showed, them around.

Both the boys Reading Room and the O. W. L. S. held auction sales of old periodicals during the week. As for the third term is usual the bids received at the former's sale were rather low. It would seem otherwise though; for it is a good opportunity for those whose spare time for reading here at College is limited to lay in a supply of good reading matter for the Summer vacation much cheaper than it could be gotten elsewhere.

Ask the Local Editor of the *Buff and Blue* what the Juniors are doing in the "lab" these days. You'll learn some "new signs" if you do.

A Mr. Goldsborough, one of the League umpires, got the schedule mixed up and thought we were to play Johns Hopkins Saturday, and he came down to umpire the game, but finding his mistake did not remain but a few minutes.

R. S. T.

ISSAC LEWIS PEET, LL.D.

NEW YORK, April 15, 1899.

DEAR JOURNAL:—By direction of the Board of Trustees of the Church Mission to the Deaf-Mutes, I send to you for publication the enclosed minutes, which were adopted by them at their meeting on April 10th.

Very sincerely,
JOHN CHAMBERLAIN,
Ass't Gen'l Manager.

The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes has sustained a great loss in the death of Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet in New York City, on December 27th, 1898, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

After his graduation at Yale College in 1845, he spent the rest of his long life in connection with the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, first as a teacher and then as the Principal. He mastered the various methods of instructing the deaf, and won the distinction of an international reputation as an educator. He was able to express his ideas clearly and vigorously, and contributed many valuable articles to the literature of the profession which he adorned. He was always conspicuous in the conventions of the teachers of the deaf and dumb. In the busy life thus briefly sketched, he found time to take an interest in the welfare of his pupils who had left the Institution. He became one of the first trustees of this Society, and a member of its Standing Committee of the Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes. He was wise in his counsels and encouraging in his influence, assuring his co-workers that they had in hand a most important mission to the children of silence. On Sunday, December 4th, Dr. Peet attended the first service in the new St. Ann's Church for deaf-mutes, and received the Holy Communion with its clergy and people. He thus most touchingly commemorated the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birth. On December 10th, he made an eloquent address on the 111th anniversary of the birth of Dr. Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in the United States.

How little did our venerable friend realize that he was thus leaving behind him very tender remembrances as preparations for his departure to Paradise. The end came peacefully and he has found rest through the Saviour in whom he had trusted.

The impressive funeral service was held in the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb on Friday afternoon, December 30th. The burial was in the family plot at Spring Grove Cemetery, Hartford, Conn.

Dr. Peet has left to his widow and children a rich legacy in his life and character, and to all his co-workers and friends the example of a courteous Christian gentleman, devoting his talents to promote the happiness of his fellow pilgrims in the mysterious journey of life

Deaf-Mutes have lost friends in the death of the Rev. J. Livingston Reese, D. D., for many years Rector of St. Paul's Church, Albany, in which services for Deaf-Mutes were held; and of Gen. George S. Greene, for a long time a devout communicant of old St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, which opened the way for the founding of our Society.

Rev. H. Van Allen's Appointments.

SUNDAY, APRIL 23D.

10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy, Morning Prayer and Sermon.

3:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

CHICAGO.

Fine Weather Brings Out the Wheels.

A SMALL 'TELEPHONE PLANT."

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sansom, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

The weather man must have read of the severe castigation of his forecast of the weather in the JOURNAL, for he sent orders from the Auditorium tower to Old Aeolus to bottle up his winds and take them to Mackinaw, while he handed out delectable weather with the suavity of a Marshall Field dry goods clerk pulling down a roll of silk for a Michigan Avenue belle. *Merci.* It brought out wheels, tandems, baby carriages, drags, broughams, spiders, and every kind of vehicle. The seven ages of man were represented, from the baby, perched on its father's handlebars, to the Octogenarian with his white locks fluttering behind him, as if running away from the grim reaper. Between two male riders could be seen the bloomer girl in a cardinal jacket, with her nonchalant manner and short skirt.

Apparently it was shrinking from public gaze, while her jacket did all the blushing for her. The blue-coated policeman, 1299, eyed her severely. Upon what "meat" doth the bloomer girl feed that she hath grown so cheeky? Answer. Tutti-Frutti gum. Look out for any pair of bloomer girls on a tandem. The are not so innocent as they appear to be, especially if they come crashing into your wheel, with the forces of a New York Central train, hurling you on the hard rocky road, smashing your wheel and theirs into pieces, and requiring the calling out of the Police Ambulance Wagon, as I have seen it done at Washington Park.

Ho! Raleigh.

Miss Vina Smith, of Indianapolis, was admitted, on probation, to the Methodist Church. Probably arrangements will be made for her to become a Deaconess.

Mrs. King, *nee* Julia Merrill, of Crete, Ill., is visiting Dora Black, and will return home Wednesday.

There were two socials last Saturday—one at the Trinity Church and the other at the Pas-a-Pas Club. Nothing special was found at either place. Your correspondent is booked for a lecture at the Pas-a-Pas Club, April 22d.

Frank H. Collins, of Everett, Mass., has invented a miniature telephone plant that will take the place of the awkward and repulsive ear trumpet used by deaf persons. What corresponds to the transmitter of the telephone is fastened to the clothing of the wearer in some exposed place, and a small receiver fits snugly in the ear, the necessary current being supplied by a small battery carried in the pocket. The apparatus in use is not at all conspicuous, for the reason that the greater part of it is hidden in the pocket.

The Ladies' Aid Society gave a luncheon at Mrs. Buchan's house, No. 99—33d Street. Refreshments were served to a large party, composed mostly of ladies. The afternoon was spent in story-telling, the best being on Oscar Henry. It appears that in his college days he went afishing in the Potomac with other students. Every time there was a splash around O. H.'s cork, he pulled it out rather virgorously several times before he found out that the other boys behind him had been throwing stones at his cork.

The will of August Gottschalg, father of Mrs. Colby, was admitted to probate November 10th, 1898.

Rev. Mr. Mann held services morning and afternoon at Trinity Parish. He reports having traveled with Rev. Mr. Koehler from Columbus to St. Louis, where they held joint services with Rev. Mr. Cloud. The Reverend gentleman has an interesting diagram of Westminster Abbey, where he visited a year ago. It is interesting to read the names of the distinguished dead buried there as they recall whole pages of history, fiction, poetry, and statesmanship: Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Joseph Addison, General Wolfe, Robert Peel, William Pitt, Herschel, Darwin, Newton, Fox, James I, Dean Stanley, Mary Queen of Scots, Bulwer Lytton, May, Andre, David Livingston, Chancer, Spencer, Dickens, Dryden, Samuel Johnson, MacOaulay one of the buried is Parr, aged one hundred fifty-two years, who lived under ten kings. Rev. Mr. Mann started for Grand Rapids and Columbus. He will probably turn up at the Presentation Day Exercises at Washington, on the 10th of May.

Mrs. Annie Bernstein, of 647 Sangamon street; applied for a divorce from her hearing husband in Judge Bail's Court. She began proceedings two months ago, but he failed to appear in court.

By aid of an interpreter, she said that he had married her under the impression that she had money. When she refused to give it to him he called, so she declares, her names, cursed, kicked and beat her. The court ordered the evidence written up.

Robert King, ex-'82, is now employed in the Lobdell Carriage Works, in Marietta, O. When McKinley delivers property according to contract, our genial philosopher expects to return to Columbus with a hop-skip-and-jump.—*The Buff and Blue, May, '97.*

Alas! for expectations. Think of the old backstop of the Kendalls laid up with rheumatism—the very antithesis!

Sunday School Gems.

Stories of strange and amusing answers given to examination questions are frequently told, but we do not so often see recorded the equally surprising answers given by children in Sunday schools, and yet they are frequently original enough.

A teacher, lately wishing to turn the young idea toward the mission field, asked, "What are good men called who leave their homes and go to foreign lands to teach the heathen?"

"Prodigal sons," was the prompt and triumphant reply.

A class of boys when asked, "What were the ten plagues?" answered with more fervor than gallantry, "The ten virgins, sir."—*Westminster Gazette.*

Have No Use For Cents.

Pennies are not used by the bank of New Orleans in the payment of checks. If a check, for example, is drawn for $62.18, the holder receives $62.20. If the amount is $62.17, he gets $62.15. The split is made between the second and the third cent, and the system, which has been in vogue for many years, is very rarely the subject of any complaint. It makes an exact balance of coppers at the end of the day's business rather unlikely, but the doctrine of averages operates to even things up to within a few cents. In the long run about as many checks break on one-half of the nickel as on the other.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

With the Fading of Beauty.

A 16-year-old girl imagines that she is an angel, and never gets over it. After a woman gets old, she thinks how she was admired and complimented in her youth and feels that some great wrong was done her because she did not remain as pretty as she was at 16. If she is married, she is apt to lay the blame on the brutality of her husband; if she is an old maid, she lays it on her father, who was poor, and thus forced her to work, which resulted in a stooping figure and harsh features. A man never has this experience. He is at his worst at 16, and does not reach his best until he is 26 to 30. By that time he has acquired a little sense, and never mistakes a compliment for the truth.—*Atchison Globe.*

WAR AND MATRIMONY.

CUPID IS THE BUSIEST IN TIMES OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY.

"There is a close connection between marriage and the price of wheat, beef, pork, beans, corn and other things which go to make up the main portion of human food," writes Professer D. R. McAnally of "The American Girl's Chances of Marriage," in the *Ladies' Home Journal.* "As the prices of these commodities go up, the number of marriages goes down. From 1851 to 1854 times were good, food was cheap, and the marriage rate in Massachusetts went up to 26 per 1,000. Between 1855 and 1859 there was great depression of trade, and in 1858 the marriage rate went down to 17 per 1,000. The years from 1873 to 1879 form another period of depression. Factories were closed and manufactures of every kind suffered severely. In one year, at least, crops were short and the prices of food were high. The result was immediately seen in matrimony, for in 1874 the number of marriages went down from 21 per 1,000 of the population to 18, and in 1876 and the following two years declined to 15 per 1,000—a tremendous falling off from 26 per 1,000, the figure attained in 1855 which was the banner year in the State of Massachusetts for matrimony.

"Almost as unfavorable as that of hard times is the influence of war upon matrimony. Whenever Mars is in the ascendant Cupid's stock goes down. During the civil war the number of marriages in this country fell of from 20 per 1,000 of population to 17 per 1,000, and immediately after the civil war was ended, in 1865, the number rose to 22 per 1,000, declining in 1869 to 21.

The woman who is looking for a husband has a better chance of getting one just before or just after a war than at any other time."

STATE OF OHIO.

Discussing the Coming Convention at St. Paul.

DISTINCUISHED VISITORS.

The News in Brief.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The notice sent out by the local committee having in charge the arrangements for the sixth convention of the National Association of the Deaf be held in St. Paul, the coming Summer, ought to insure a large gathering from all parts of the country. If such is not the case, it will not be the fault of the committee and the deaf of Minnesota, who according to announcement are going to do their level best to entertain the visitors. Such arrangements as are proposed have never before been offered to the association. Barring railroad expenses, nearly every thing will be free to the visitors, while the association itself will have no expenses to meet in the way of hall rent, lights, committee expenses. Our Minnesota friends do not propose to do things by halves. Even amusements, excursions, and such things as go to make a gathering of this kind pleasant, are to be thrown in free gratis. And if the Minnesota Deaf are going to work for the success and pleasure of the meeting, they should be seconded by the deaf of the other States by attending the meeting. Every State ought to be represented by as large delegation as possible. In this connection, Ohio ought not to be behind in the matter. She should have a representation consistent with her importance in the catalogue of States and in the work she has done in the education of the deaf. She should have at least a dozen of her well-educated boys and girls there. It would be too bad if it were otherwise. We hope as many as can afford the expense will make it appoint to attend the meeting. Send your name, if you are going, to A. R. Spear, Chairman Local Commitee, 653 Dayton Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

As far as Columbus is concerned at this time, no one has as yet signified any plans of attending, but the generous arrangements proposed for the entertaining of delegates may tempt, later on, several to attend, and we hope this city will not be without representation.

Mr. Jay Cook Howard, of Minnesota, was bathing in the breezes of Columbus for a few days this week, and found them no doubt more genial than those up around the domains wherein Editor Smith and Ichabod Crane preside. Principal Patterson showed him the beauties of the Capital City, and its great State institutions, not leaving out all points of interest in the Institution here. Wednesday, Mr. Howard gave the regular morning chapel lecture to the pupils, and gave evidence that he was no green hand at the business. In fact his speech took well with all. His visit here was one of business and pleasure combined. He left, Thursday noon, for Flint, Michigan.

Rev. J. M. Koehler and Mrs. A. W. Mann reached the Institution Thursday afternoon, from Cincinnati, and were its guests over night. During the evening, Rev. Mr. Koehler held a church service for the deaf in Trinity Chapel, which was well attended. Among other things he spoke of the progress Mr. Frank Smileau, a graduate of this school and Gallaudet College, was making in his preparations for the ministry in Philadelphia, that he was at the head of the class, outstripping those in full possession of all their senses. That was certainly cause for the deaf of Ohio to be proud of. Friday, Rev. Mr. Koehler conducted the chapel services at the Institution, after which with Principal Patterson he visited the school rooms and left at noon for Pittsburg.

The Independents played their first match game of the season, Saturday, and came out victorious. The grounds were rather heavy, but the boys didn't mind the mud at all. Their opponents were the Capital University Club. The score was 21 to 10. Two home runs were made by the Independents.

The contractors of the new school building resumed work Monday morning on the structure. A large force is being employed, and if the weather remains favorable another week, we shall likely see the walls up to the second story.

Several weeks ago a new evening paper, the *Columbus Citizen*, was started here. Mr. Edward Holycross has secured a case on it, and if the publication remains permanent he will have steady work and he will not need to go elsewhere for employment.

Elmer Elsey was over in Plain City, Wednesday, attending the funeral of his aunt.

George Dun, a former pupil residing in Warner County, died recently from the effects of a cancerous growth on his jaw. He had been operated upon for the trouble by one of the best specialists in the world, in Chicago, but without avail.

William Shopshire, of Piketon, and Miss Della Hart, of Cincinnati, were married recently, at Portsmouth, Ohio, by Rev. Father McGuirk, of the Holy Redeemer Church.

At a meeting of the State Emergency Board, last Saturday, this institution was given $19,500. The money will be used in providing new heating apparatus, a tunnel, new boilers, smoke stack and furniture for the new school buildings. All the C halls of the present school building have been newly painted and present a neater and lighter appearance.

Mr. George Clum was one of the number baptized at the First Baptist Church, last Sunday evening. Quite a number of the older pupils were present to witness the ceremony.

April 15, '99. A.B.G.

BUFFALO.

Despite the chilly and raw weather, many of the communicants went to see Rev. Mr. C. O. Dantzer preach Sunday before last. All but one took communion. In the afternoon he conducted the Bible class and then gave a sermon.

The venerable Bishop Walker will confer the rites of confirmation on about eight mutes in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the evening of the 14th of next May. Rev. Mr. Berry will interpret for them. I send congratulations to Rev. Mr. Dantzer, because he has got as many mutes as he could to be confirmed.

James B. Lloyd and wife were made happy by the arrival of a male infant, on the 30th ult., at their residence. They will have Rev. Mr. Dantzer baptize each one of their children before long.

Miss Minnie Schweikhardt, a fashionable dressmaker, was the first mute to call on Mrs. Lloyd with a view to seeing the baby.

Messrs. Robert Watts and Louis Seelbach enjoyed a fast ride along the electric railway to Tonawanda, and got off there to visit Mr. Acheson and wife, Monday before last.

Mr. Sutton came over from the border, not a long time ago, to see some of the mutes and also to enjoy the sights in this ideal city.

Mr. Peter Griffin, a young artist, made a brief call on James B. Lloyd, some time ago.

Mr. Norton, a well-known sailor, anticipates lake navigation again as soon as the ice disappears. He has had no work in winter.

J. B. L.

RAINSVILLE, INDIANA.

Mr. Henry Rhode has a fine blacksmith shop on his farm. He fixes plows, buggies, wagons, fencing, etc. He is a skillful work man.

Invitations have been sent out from New Castle, by Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Hernly, announcing the marriage of their daughter, Margaret May Hernly, to John A. Boyd, of this place, on Wednesday, April 26, 1899, at noon.

HE KEPT THE SEAT.

BUT IT WAS WORTH WHAT THE OTHER MAN PAID FOR IT.

A man who had not been to church for a very long time, says a London exchange, finally harkened to the persuasions of his wife and decided to go. He got the family all together, and they started early. Arriving at the church, there were very few people in it and no pew openers at hand, so the man led his family well up the aisle and took possession of a nice pew.

Just as the service was about to begin a pompous-looking old man came in, walked up to the door of the pew and stood there, exhibiting evident surprise that it was occupied. The occupants moved over and offered him room to sit down, but he declined to be seated. Finally the old man produced a card and wrote upon it with a pencil:

"I pay for this pew."

"He gave the card to the strange occupants, who, had he been like most people, would have at once got up and left. But the intruder adjusted his glasses and with a smile read the card. Then he calmly wrote beneath it:

"How much do you pay a year?"

To this inquiry the pompous old gentleman, still standing, wrote abruptly:

"Ten pounds."

The stranger smiled as though he were pleased, looked around to compare the pew with others, admired its nice cushions and furnishings and wrote back:

"I don't blame you. It is well worth it."

The pompous old gentleman at that stage collapsed into his seat.

The luxury of doing good surpasses every other personal enjoyment.—*Gay.*

NEW YORK.

The Coming Entertainment of the L. E. S.

PLANNINC FOR SUMMER OUTINGS.

Items Concerning the Deaf in Greater New York.

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

Week in and week out the reporter must pen his weekly letter. Whether there is nothing going on or he see no fellow deaf, matters not. His column must be filled. The present week is a hard one for the scribe, but the weekly grind goes on for the benefit of the subscribers.

The League of Elect Surds are now in fine trim for their coming entertainment on May 4th. Tickets are out and reserved seats are selling with a rush that betokens a larger attendance. They are fifty cents and are limited in number, so that it will be well to secure one in advance from any of the members, as the play, "Tangled Carrs," is a roaring scene from beginning to end, with characters representing different professions and climes and incidents that might have been, if there were ever such a mix up of persons of the same name as will be exemplified on the stage. Some of the features are so ludicrous that the deaf cannot refrain from laughing with their eyes shut. I need not tell what, but, oh, how the actors themselves did laugh and nearly stagger to the floor in fits during rehearsals; and if they can never tire of it after a dozen rehearsals, the public must enjoy it all the more. Prof. Jones is in the role of a pretty girl graduate of Gallaudet, and if he is at times contorting himself into facial humor or ugliness, it is acting that will convulse the audience. There are other things to say about him, but they will come in the way of surprises. Stagemaster Fox has been zealous in his efforts to get the players down to perfection, and he is pleased with all but the "cop" recently added, who is taken in without a civil service examination because his name is Carr and consequently has a pull. Perhaps I am a little confused in saying this, but every thing is going to be confused and I must get in line. Playwright Pach is not only pleased, but surprised at the results so far shown, and he will indeed feel proud when the play is over and comments are in order.

The New York Deaf-Mute Club has arranged for an affair at its club rooms, Uptown Assembly Rooms, 55th Street and Third Avenue, on Saturday, April 29th, tickets for which have just been printed.

The Deaf-Mutes' Union League have been considering whether or not to have an excursion this summer. They are not as yet decided, but it seems there is a leaning on the part of the wiser heads to forego it on the grand scale that has been their custom, and have some sort of an outing not so expensive, in view of the fact that the New York and Brooklyn Guild of Silent Workers will hold one, the date of which has not been announced.

The League of Elect Surds has appointed a committee to look up matters in the line of an outing as the last two seasons—that is to control the sale of a number of tickets on a regular excursion boat on a percentage basis. When the committee brings in its report, then the ayes and nays will decide whether or not they have it. It seems evident the League of Elect Surds will give some kind of an outing if not a boat excursion, for they never missed a year in the line of summer entertainment.

Spring appears to have come to stay now with the weather credited to it, but there is the rain that casts a damper on the spirits of the cyclists, as was the case last Sunday.

The arrival of the U. S. S. Raleigh in New York Harbor Saturday night put the populace on their mettle for a chance to hurrah the little fighter, on the morrow, but the rain came in torrents, and though many hurried to the river banks as soon as the boom of cannon was heard, there was not one-tenth the crowd that would have greeted her had the day not been so bad, for it was Sunday, and had the day been pleasant there would have been double the number that cheered themselves hoarse when Schley's fleet returned from Cuba.

The deaf in this city were disappointed when they learned Messrs. Thompson and Spear had not arrived here for participation in the shooting at Elkwood, N. J. Next time, they better steer clear of Chicago, and come to New York by way of the lakes, and then sickness will not overtake Mr. Thompson.

Prof. H. F. Mitchell, who has been acting principal of the Lexington Avenue School, has been notified of his election to the position permanently. Prof. Mitchell has invited a number of the graduates, including the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, to a gathering for social enjoyment, at the school on this Thursday evening.

J. F. O'Brien, in the *Register*, laments that there is no independent newspaper for the deaf. He says there are brains a-plenty to edit one, and probably he thinks there is a lack of money on the part of those with brains. I will add that it is entirely a lack of confidence in the deaf to support such a paper. It has been tried again and again, and arguments advanced pro and con, but experience is the wiser teacher. The deaf can, but *will not* support such a paper.

Owen Healy is anxiously looking for a cycle race with Marshall and others, whereby he may earn the title of champion.

W. H. Rose is about to invest in a new "Victor" wheel. He never rode anything but a "Victor," and knows a good thing.

The reporter receives a number of enquiries from the deaf as to addresses, etc He will cheerfully answer all if a two-cent stamp is enclosed; also for forwarding letters sent to him for others. In a year, such little things count up quite a sum.

EASTON, PA.

EASTON, PA., April 17, 1899.—Mrs. E. D. Heller, the efficient treasurer of the Easton Silent Society, gave the members of that body a supper, at her residence on North Twelfth Street, on Saturday evening, April 15th. Preceding the supper, a flash-light photo of the members was taken by William King. The only out-of-town guest present was Mrs. H. D. Riegel, of Riegelsville, Pa. This was the first of a series of suppers to be given by members of the society.

The snow on Sunday prevented Messrs. Heller, King and Davis, from taking their customary spin to Martin's Creek *via* the Delaware driveway, better known as Easton's speedway.

"Jolly" Charles Bradbury, of Allentown, made a flying visit to Easton, Sunday a week ago.

The Mt. Airy baseball team has started its season well. Keep it up, boys. You have an able coach in Mr. Noble. Ever since he came to the institution, athletics there have taken a great stride forward. We have confidence in his ability to turn a raw recruit into a finished one. Prof. Thompson knows how to take the lameness out of a pitcher's arm, and when Kurath finds his twirling arm out of condition, let him go to the professor.

So E. T. C. finds it unnecessary to reply to my letter of April 3d, which E. T. C. terms as an insult. Indeed, we were desirous of no reply, as the insult was offered by E. T. C. Where the sentence in E. T. C.'s item runs thus, * * * "but in my opinion, they don't know the full meaning of that word, if one may be permitted to glance over the names."

This would give resemblance to the personnel of the society being composed of blockheads, but such is not the case. Insults do not come natural to us, but it is natural for us to challenge them. The solution of this *vexata quaestio* is nothing more or less than "Jealousy" on E. T. C.'s part. There is the truth of it. It hurts, but nothing does hurt like the truth.

Gilbert Price is at present employed at the Alpha Portland Cement Works, at Alpha, N. J., doing work at night.

SMALL.

MUTES WED IN THE TOMBS.

PRISON CHAPLAIN YIELDS TO ODD REQUEST OF AFFLICTED COUPLE.

Possibly it was because the silence of the Tombs appealed to their own silent existence, that John Kansriddle and Eva Cohen, two deaf-mutes, chose to be wedded in the big, gloomy city prison. Their marriage there by the prison chaplain, the Rev. John Moore, took place on Sunday morning, but the fact was made public only to-day.

The groom is twenty-six years of age, and lives at No. 186 Chrystie Street, where he and his bride, who is four years his junior, will make their future home.—*The Evening Journal, April 18th, 1899.*

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

APRIL 23D, THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3 P.M.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P.M.
Gallaudet Home, 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.
St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn., 2:30 P.M.
Parish House of St. Paul's Church, Bridgeport, Conn., 7 P.M.

FANWOOD.

A Few Words Concerning Athletics.

TWO GOOD BASE BALL GAMES.

And A Few Items Gathered During a Dull Week.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Interest in athletics seems to have entirely died out at Fanwood. The only game in which the boys play with any amount of zeal is base ball. Up to a few years ago, there were always plenty of candidates for field events On election day, November 19th, there were paper chases, and cross-country runs. Memorial Day was usually set aside as Field Day, the boys competing in various events, for prizes, and they usually managed to make quite a good record in pole vaulting, jumping, hurdle races, sack races, and the like. With our gymnasium training we believe we could successfully compete with any school team in the United States. At present there is no suitable out door place where practice can be had. If the Bailey ground were fenced in and levelled it would make a fine drill ground, besides a good baseball field, and for other athletic games. The Athletic Association would in a few years become self-supporting, as an admission price could be charged at the games.

The Fanwoods and the team representing the College of the City of New York, crossed bats on the Bailey Grounds, Saturday afternoon. On the whole the game was not all that could be expected, in fact the Fanwoods should have done considerably better. In the first few innings it looked as if Fanwood had a cinch, but a couple of bad errors in fielding helped the visitors roll up the score, which at the end of the game stood 10 to 11 in favor of Fanwood. Below is the score by innings:

C. C. N. Y.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kerne, c.,	6	1	3	3	2	1
Coridon, 3b.,	6	2	1	4	2	0
Capt. Wund, l.f.,	6	1	1	3	0	1
Barry, 3b. and 1b.,	5	0	4	8	0	5
Suling, s.s. and 3b.,	5	1	0	1	2	0
Hamilton, p.,	5	0	2	0	2	0
Thompson, c.f.,	5	1	1	1	0	1
Wagner, 1b. and s.s.,	5	1	0	3	3	1
Roberts, r.f.,	5	3	2	1	1	0
Totals,	48	10	15	24	12	9

FANWOOD.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Capt. Rappolt, c.f.,	5	0	1	2	1	0
H. Muench, s.s.,	5	2	1	2	5	0
J. A. Elflein, l.f.,	5	2	1	1	1	2
S. J. Dyer, 2b.,	5	2	1	4	1	1
F. Bachman, r.f.,	5	2	3	0	0	0
T. G. Cook, 1b.,	5	1	2	5	1	0
G. Duane, 3b.,	5	2	1	1	4	1
W. Brown, c.,	5	0	0	9	0	0
E. Ellis, p.,	4	0	2	0	3	0
Totals,	44	11	12	27	18	4

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
C. C. N. Y.,	0	0	2	3	0	5	0	0	0	0—10
FANWOOD,	5	3	0	0	0	1	1	1	x	—11

Earned Runs—C. C. N. Y. 4; Fanwood 3. Left on Bases—C. C. N. Y. 11; Fanwood 9. Bases on Balls—Off Hamilton 3; off Ellis 6. Hit by Pitched ball—Ellis. Struck out—Hamilton 3; Ellis 8. Stolen bases—Hamilton, Thompson, Roberts, Muench, Duane and Ellis. Two Base Hits—Hamilton, Bachman, Cook, Ellis and Muench. Three Base Hit—Coridon. Sacrifice Hit—Elflein. Passed Balls—Kerne and Brown. Double Plays—Duane and Dyer. Time of Game—one hour and 55 minutes. Attendance 500. Umpire—W. Linder, of F. A. A. Scorer—H. Heerdt.

The defeated team intends to arrange another game with us, before the season closes, and they expect better luck next time. So do we.

This week the team plays the University of New York, on Monday; Trinity School, on Wednesday Riverview Military Academy, and at Poughkeepsie, on Saturday.

George Scudder, of the University of New York, called on Cadets Elflein and Hannon, Saturday, and was an interested spectator of the base ball game.

As a result of a collision on bicycles, one boy is laid up with a broken arm, and bicycle riding in the yard is prohibited. The only place where the boys are allowed to use their wheels is on Fort Washington Avenue, and that at stated hours only.

Prof. Thomas F. Fox delivered a very interesting and laughable recital entitled "A Strange Story," before the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening. It kept the audience in a roar of laughter from beginning to end.

Mr. Isaac B. Gardiner conducted services in the chapel Sunday morning. No services were held in the afternoon, it being visiting Sunday, and in spite of the rain quite a large number of relatives and friends of the pupils called to see them.

Prof. W. G. Jones is entertaining the pupils with Captain Maryat's story, "Masterman Ready," Sunday evenings. This book was presented to the Institution by Mr. William Wade, of Oakmont, Pa. It will be about June before he has finished.

Mr. S. M. Brown, of this city, was the guest of Tutor W. G. Shanks, Sunday. It was many years since he had been at Fanwood, and there were more than enough surprises here for him at the changes that Fanwood has undergone.

Monday the ball team was at Ohio Field, University Heights, to battle with the University of New York's team. The game began at 3.35 with the Fanwoods at the bat: The result was 8 to 15 in favor of the University of New York. Following is the score.

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Capt. Rappolt, c.f.,	5	1	2	2	1	0
H. Muench, s.s.,	5	1	1	2	3	2
J. A. Elflein, l.f.,	5	1	2	2	0	0
S. J. Dyer, 2b.,	5	1	2	7	1	0
F. Bachman, r.f.,	5	1	1	0	0	1
T. G. Cook, 1b.,	5	1	1	6	1	2
G. Duane, 3b.,	4	0	1	1	2	2
W. Brown, c.,	4	0	0	3	0	3
E. Ellis, p.,	4	2	0	1	2	0
Totals.	42	8	10	24	10	10

N. Y. U.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Northlop, c.f.,	5	1	2	1	0	1
Hatch, 2b,	5	2	2	5	0	0
Craft, c.,	5	1	1	5	1	0
Capt. Van Vlick, 3b,	5	2	2	4	1	0
Taylor, l.f.,	3	2	1	1	0	0
Bleecker, l.f.,	2	1	0	0	0	0
Rocke, s.s.,	5	3	3	0	3	3
Sutton, r.f.,	5	2	2	2	0	0
Hobbes, 1b.,	1	0	0	1	0	1
Haynes' 1b.,	4	0	0	7	0	2
Halford, p.,	5	1	1	2	4	0
Total	45	15	15	27	11	7

INNINGS	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
FANWOOD,	0	2	1	1	4	0	0	0	0	—8
N. Y. U.,	0	0	0	3	8	3	0	1	x	—15

Earned Runs—Fanwood 4., N. Y. U., 7. Left on Bases—Fanwood, 6, N. Y U., 4. Base on Balls—Off Ellis, 4, off Halford, 3. First Bases by Errors—Fanwood A. A. 6, N Y. U., 7. Wild Pitches—Ellis, Halford, 2. Balk—Ellis 1. Hit by Pitched Balls—Ellis, 3, Halford, 1. Struck out by Ellis, 2, Halford, 5. Two-base-hits—Rappolt, Bachman, Hatch, Craft, and Taylor. Three-base-hits—S. J. Dyer, Northrup and Rocke. Stolen Bases—Ellis, 2, Hatch and Bleecker. Double plays—Rappolt and Dyer, Muench and Cook. Passed balls—Brown 1, and Craft, 1 Wild throws—Rocke and Brown. Time of Game—Two hours and 20 minutes. Attendance—100. Umpire—W. Abrams, of N. Y. City and Bresslin, of N. Y. U. Scorers—H. Heerdt, of Fanwood, and Abbot, of N. Y. U.

LIST OF THE BLIND DEAF

Mr. W. Wade, of Oakmont, Pennsylvania, has compiled a list of the blind-deaf which we give below.

In regard to the girl in Michigan, we can only say that letter from this school written to those who are interested in her remain unanswered.

William Sprague, Fanwood.
Richard Clinton, Fanwood.
James Caton, Fanwood.
Orris Benson, Fanwood.
Katie M'Girr, Fanwood,
Stanley Robinson, (from J. D. Wright's list) Fanwood.
Mattie Morehouse, as deaf at Fanwood, as at Philadelphia school for blind.
Morrison Heady, school not known to me, resides in Normandy, Ky.
Wm. A. Miller, Los Angeles, Cal., Philadelphia blind school.
Laura Bridgeman (dead), Perkins Institution, Boston.
Oliver Caswell (do not know whether he is living), Perkins Institution.
Willie Elizabeth Robin, Perkins Institution.
Thomas Stringer, Perkins Institution.
Homer Wardwell, (not known whether he is living or at school) Perkins Inst.
Albert Nolen, at The American School for the Deaf, Hartford, Conn.
Julia Brace, (don't think she is living) School for the Deaf, Hartford, Conn.
Lottie Sullivan, Colo. Dual School.
Ralph Wooden, Colo. Dual School.
Helen A. Keller—Miss Annie M. Sullivan, at Perkins Institution, Rev. Dr. Irons, Wright-Humason, Cambridge School for Young Ladies, and Mr. Kieth.
Linnie Haguewood—Miss Dora Donald, at the Iowa Blind, and South Dakota Deaf School.
Jos. Sinkinson, on Jno. D. Wright's list as at a home for blind in Oakland, California.
Clarence Selby, Catholic school for deaf, Buffalo, N. Y.
George Jones, as blind, at the Georgia school for the blind, Macon, Ga. Has taught himself all he knows.
James Neal, (colored) privately by Miss Ellen M. Dyer, Vineland, N. J., now at his home in Knoxville, Tenn., being observed by the deaf school there.
Leslie Oren, Ohio Deaf School.
Maud Stafford, at her teacher's home, Piqua, Ohio, under supervision of Superintendent Jones of the Ohio deaf school.
Sallie Thornton, lives now in Arkansas. I think she was taught while deaf only, at the Texas school for the deaf.
Katherine Parry, Philadelphia Blind School—vide J. D. Wright's list.
Agnes O'Conner, Illinois Deaf School, vide J. D. Wright's list.
Francis L. Smith, Baltimore Blind School.
Rebecca Young, (very delicate health, not expected to live long) Baltimore Blind School.

UNTAUGHT.

Son of Tobe Hogsett, New Vienna, Ohio.
Cora Crocker, in poor house, Pittsfield, Mass.
Ruby Rice, Wyatt, Texas.
A boy in Georgia.
A girl in Michigan.—*Michigan Mirror.*

PHILADELPHIA.

Boy Mangled by a Railroad Train.

PROF. BOOTH'S NEW APPOINTMENT.

Items of All Sorts.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

A shocking and fatal accident befell one of the pupils of the Mt. Airy Institution, on Monday afternoon, the 10th inst. The *Evening Bulletin* of the 11th inst., had this to say of it:—

Ray Longenberger, a pupil at the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Mount Airy, was run down by an express train on the Cresheim branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad at the institution yesterday afternoon. The youth was terribly mangled and died of his injuries an hour after the accident. Deputy Coroner Kurtz made an investigation concerning the death to-day and an inquest will be held to-morrow.

The tracks of the Cresheim branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad pass almost directly in the rear of the industrial building of the Mount Airy institution.

Longenberger started to cross the track at that point and, being a deaf-mute, did not hear the approaching passenger train. The train was an express and was going at the rate of at least thirty-five miles an hour when the engine struck the victim. He was hurled many feet, and when picked up by some of his comrades who had seen the accident, was unconscious.

The young man was taken to the infirmary, where every effort was made to save his life, but without avail. He died shortly before 5 o'clock.

Coroner Dugan was notified of the accident to-day by A. L. E. Crouter, superintendent of the institution. The body is still at that place.

This sudden taking off, coupled with the frightful manner of its occurrence, had the effect of casting a deep gloom over the "silent village" of which the deceased had been a member, ah! yes, a boy, bright, happy, and fun-loving school boy, as boys are wont to be.

The advent of spring with all its allurements for outdoor sports had made ball playing the favorite pastime at Mt. Airy, as no doubt it had done at other places in the country, and it may have been in the height of the enjoyment of their play that a group of boys, among whom was the unfortunate Ray, forgetting the Institution rules which forbid trespass on the nearby railroad, ventured on the forbidden ground in the pursuit of the ball. Then came an abrupt termination of their innocent sport, which may serve as a strong warning to the boys in future.

According to the information we received, young Ray was caught by an express train that thundered by, lifted off his feet and hurled bodily against a pile of railroad ties some yards ahead, sustaining severe internal injuries. The train was stopped and assistance was offered, but the boy was conveyed to the Institution Infirmary. He was conscious part of the time, but at about 5 o'clock, three hours after the accident, death relieved him of his suffering.

Ray was just thirteen years old. His parents are Mr. and Mrs Chas. W. Longenberger, of Williamsport, Pa., both deaf-mutes. They have two other deaf children at Mt. Airy, a boy and a girl. Dr. Crouter telegraphed the sad news to them and they immediately came to Philadelphia, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company offering them free transportation both ways and other courtesies. The folks at Mt. Airy also showed their sympathy in a substantial way by contributing a nice sum of money towards the funeral expenses. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Longenberger felt bewildered by such acts of kindness on the part of their sympathizing friends and only accepted it when pressed. Both parents are well known here, being graduates of the Pennsylvania Institution while it was located at Broad and Pine Streets. Mrs. Longenberger was formerly Miss Fahnestock. They have our sincere sympathy in this sad bereavement.

Rev. J. M Koehler arrived home safely from the west, on Saturday morning, and officiated at the Sunday afternoon service as usual. Preceding the sermon he gave a short account of his trip to St. Louis, saying that if it had not benefitted his health, it had been beneficial in other ways. One thing that had made a strong impress upon him was the entire absence or scarcity of pennies in the collections at all the services he conducted in the west. He thus paid the western deaf a nice compliment. At this service Mr. Howard Elliott Arnold was baptized, Mrs. Arnold and Mr. J. S. Reider being the witnesses.

The following is part of an editorial in the *Mt. Airy World*, April 13th, which fully explains itself:

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors of the American Association to Promote the Teaching of Speech to the Deaf, on Friday last, in New York, Mr. F. W. Booth, Principal of the Manual and Intermediate Oral Departments of this Institution, was unanimously elected to the important and responsible position of General Secretary and Treasurer of the Association. In filling this position, Mr. Booth will have general charge of all the business of the Association together with the duty of editing and managing a bimonthly magazine, which the Committee has decided to publish, at an early day, in the interests of speech-teaching to the deaf."

The rest of the editorial is devoted to Mr. Booth's fitness for the position, his high qualification as a teacher of the deaf, and the regret which his severance of connection with the Mt. Airy Institution will occasion.

The announcement was a genuine surprise to Mr. Booth's friends outside of the Institution who thus first heard of it. They scanned the editorial closely to find where Mr. Booth would have his office, whether in New York or Philadelphia, but there was nothing said about it. The graduates of the school living here, shall also be sorry to see Mr. Booth going away, but hope that he will continue his residence here.

Last Saturday afternoon the base ball team of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf and Dumb defeated the Wyndmoor team, after a very exciting game, by the close score of 10 to 9. Mr Deal was umpire. The game lasted two hours.

Bishop Whitaker will confirm a class of deaf candidates at All Souls' Church, on April 30th.

The Sunday *Inquirer* had a cut of the main building of the Mt. Airy Institution.

John Scheetz continues dangerously ill with dropsy.

Mrs. John E. Paul, *nee* Miss Shaffer, formerly of Frankford, but now of a suburb of Boston, Mass., is reported seriously ill. Her mother has been called to her bedside.

Stephen Vancourtlandt has so far recovered from his recent illness as to be about again.

William K. Chase, of Connecticut, left here for Newark today on his homeward trip. He has been away from home for eight months, during which time he has traveled west as far as Youngstown, Ohio.

President Stevens presided for the first time at last Thursday's meeting of the Clerc Literary Association. Recitations were given by the members, after which the President announced the Standing Committees. We shall give the list next week.

April 17, '99. J. S. R.

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Miss A. H. Mackenzie, of New York City, is going away with her parents on the first of May, to stay all summer at their country home.

W. S. Abrams was invited by Dr. Walter B. Peet, coach of Columbia College Crew, to a place in a launch, and saw the Varsity and Freshmen in an exciting race on Tuesday last. Miss Le Prince's brother is on the Varsity crew for the great race next June.

James N. Gilmore and family moved to Warren, Ohio, on third day of this month, and purchased a house and lot with barn. He has a man on his farm in Braceville, Ohio, to work on shares. The distance between Braceville and Warren, O is nine miles.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. John L. Connerton was baptized on Easter Wednesday afternoon, at the church of St. Paul the Apostle, at Troy. The babe was christened Gabriel. The Sponsors on the occasion were Mr. James H. Conners and Miss Alice McQuade.

Mr. Frank Lindermann, who landed here from Germany about eight years ago, is living at Cold Spring, N. Y., with his wife and three children. Mr. Lindermann was formerly employed at the Cornell Iron Works in West 26th Street, this city. The factory's goods were them moved to Cold Spring. Mr. Lindermann got a job at shovelling snow in Brooklyn, for a time, and then appealed to Rev Dr. Gallaudet, who secured him a situation at Cold Spring, where he has been employed since.

An amusing scene was enacted the other morning in the Hocking Valley City ticket office. A prominent business man in that section of the city walked in to see C. G. Smith, the wellknown city ticket agent of the line, and noticing several person standing in the office pretended he was deaf and dumb. After going through evolutions which became excruciatingly funny to the onlookers, he carried them to the limit, then turning on his heel with a smile said, "Much obliged, Charles," and walked out. The crowd looked so shamefaced at being taken in, that it is safe to say they will never watch a real deaf and dumb man again for fear of encountering another wag.—*Columbus Citizen.*

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

APRIL.

22—Evening, Columbus.
23—9 A.M., Columbus. Service.
24—10:45 A.M., Columbus. Holy Communion.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

APRIL.

23—10:30 A.M., St. John's Oneida.
23—3:30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.
23—7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.
30—11:00 A.M., and 3 and 4 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo.

BROOKLYN'S TABLE-TALK.

Excursion? Yes. When? August, 1899.

The friends of Mr. P. Adler learns of his illness with regret. Hope that he will pull out all right.

Mr. Reidel's son has recently been enlisted in U. S. Cavalry and sent to Fort Ethan Allen.

Mr. Frank Lindeman and family, being tired of this city, make Cold Spring, N. Y., as their future home.

Our friend Mr. Frank Senior is a little improved and limps around. His pet—rheumatism—kept him confined to his room a month.

Anent the statement that Mr. Leopold Loewenstein had been sent to Bellevue hospital to test his sanity. He acted queer at times. Should the report be confirmed, his host of friends will receive the news with deep regret. He was for a long time a member of the defunct. Manhattan Literary Association and an earnest and active worker on committees at the time of the late W. A. Bond's ascendancy in the association, from 1875 to 1879.

The Brooklyn Social Club gave a social call to Mr. and Mrs. Peter Kaerth, at their residence on Monday night, the 3d inst. The attendance was not large, the invitation being limited. "Pinning the tail to the poor donkey" and social converse, were the principal features of the evening. A neat collation followed, after which the guests went home.

Mr. Jacques Williamson, of Binghampton, N. Y., came to this city on business a month ago, and then be returned home a rich man. His farm has been sold to a syndicate for $11,000. He is one of the richest deaf-mutes in that city. He is reputed to be worth $15,000. The writer sends his congratulations to him.

The Guild of Silent Workers in Manhattan again failed to hold a meeting on March 30th. Three members—Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Secretary Brown and Treasurer Jones—attended the meeting, and, seeing there was no quorum, their faces were an interesting study to the writer. Of course the Guild continues to improve.

Mr. Henry L. Juhring was elected a trustee of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes. The selection was made to fill the vacancy caused by the late Dr. I. L. Peet's death. Mr. Juhring being a liberal contributor to the Gallaudet Home, deserves a place on the Church Mission. The deaf-mutes of Brooklyn are to be congratulated on having such a Brooklyn representative. Send the news to Messrs. Wikinson, Reynolds and Godfrey!

A special meeting of the Brooklyn Guild was held at the residence of Mr. H. L. Juhring, on Wednesday evening, the 12th inst. Messrs. W. G. Jones and Abrams, representing the Guild of Silent Workers, attended the meeting. There was a long discussion as to the excursion, and the New York committee made their report. President McLaren appointed Messrs. Juhring and Greis a committee. Both of the committees retired to another room for a few minutes, and they reappeared and reported that Mr. Jones was elected chairman and Mr. Juhring treasurer. The Guild accepted the report favorably. The Excursion Committee favors the first Wednesday in August as the date. Further particulars from the Committee will be furnished for the public shortly.

It is a sad reflection that it took three months to collect $9.02 for St. Mark's Church. As a rule the deaf, I am sorry to state, are not very enthusiastic in the response to an appeal. But Mr. Gilbert has our thanks for the trouble he was put in to collect the contributions.

Two children of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Willets, of Roslyn, L. I, were baptized by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain on Easter Sunday. Mr. J. W. Pratt and Mrs. John Dunlap acted as Godfather and Godmother respectively.

There was a confirmation service in St. Mark's Church, Bishop Littlejohn officiating, on Sunday morning, the 16th inst. Among those confirmed were Messrs. W. H. Willets, David Willets, Frank Lenox, of Orange, N. J., James Caton, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and Hugh Conlon.

St. Mark's Church acquired title to the lot adjoining the Church.

The combined excursion that is being decided upon was done only through the earnest and untiring efforts of the Brooklyn Guild.

The Chautauquan is now out with an article about the deaf.

Several illustrations of Fanwood School and Gallaudet College are labelled as "Columbian Institution" by the author, and in several parts there are misstatements, but not worthy of a criticism.

The Brooklyn Guild met at a monthly meeting on April 6th, with nine members out of sixteen. The Guild of Silent Workers of Manhattan met at a regular meeting on March 30th, with three members out of about twenty-five. What a contrast! It is expected that the New York Guild will do better next time.

MOT.

Self-trust is the essence of heroism—*Emerson.*

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

ST. LOUIS.

The deaf of Chicago are certainly fortunate in having excellent opportunities for spiritual, mental and physical culture, as has been recently offered them by Trinity parish. The deaf of St. Louis have enjoyed even greater advantages in Christ Cathedral Parish. The Cathedral is centrally located, at 13th and Locust Streets. A single carfare brings one from any part of the city, takes one directly to the church, or quite near it, while Union Station is about ten minutes' walk away.

The Cathedral chapel, which St. Thomas' Mission uses on Sundays, is believed to be the most beautiful place used regularly by a deaf congregation in the world. The various rooms and halls of the parish house, with the kitchen and its complete equipment, are nearly always available whenever desired by the deaf.

The Bible Class meets on Sunday mornings at 9.30, and its regular service is at 11 in the chapel. The popular monthly "Public Opinion" meetings are held on the first Friday evening, while the Literary Union holds forth on the third Friday evening—special meetings and occasional socials held from time to time,—all of which are free and open. St. Thomas' Mission has always favored an "open door" policy in such matters.

The Rev. J. M. Koehler and the Rev. A. W. Mann officiated at St. Thomas' Mission on the 9th inst. The Rev. Mr. Mann baptized the infant of Mr. and Mrs. Silas Cain, and preached at the morning service. The Rev. Mr. Koehler celebrated the Holy Communion at the morning service and preached in the afternoon. There were large and interested congregations at both services. On the evening of the 10th, there was an informal reunion of communicants and friends of St. Thomas' Mission at the Schuyler Memorial House,—the occasion being the tenth anniversary of the ordination to the ministry of the minister of St. Thomas. Impressive addresses were made by the visiting clergy and the dean of Christ Church Cathedral.

The *Republic* of recent date had the following to say in regard to Mr. Alexander Schenk:

"Dummy" Schenk denies the report that he intends to turn professional. Schenk is the 115—pound amateur champion of St. Louis. He gained a highly creditable victory over Fred Pryor, at the West End Club, and is considered one of the speediest lads of his weight in this city. He has a lot to learn, however, and is content to remain in the amateur ranks until next winter at least.

Mr. Schenk is still in his teens and ought to be still at his studies. He is a pleasant mannered youth of a retiring disposition, and one least likely to be picked out as a pugilist. If he had tackled his books with the vigor he now tackles an opponent in the prize ring, he would eventually become even more distinguished.

"Are YOU going to the St. Paul Convention?"

"Are you going by boat!"

These are the questions asked nowadays. If all who prefer the river route will send their names to Rev. J. H. Cloud, 2010 Obear Ave. he will see what rates and accommodations may be secured for the number desiring to go by boat.

Bulletin No. 1, issued by the Local Committee of the National Association, regarding the convention at St. Paul, next July, has created a most favorable impression hereabouts. The indications are that St. Louis will be well represented at the convention.

St. Thomas' Mission Committee for the ensuing year will be composed of the following persons:

Mr. Alexander Wright, Warden; Miss Pearl Herdman, Secretary and Treasurer; Messrs. F. W. A. Hammer, A. G. Rodenberger, A. B. Miller, Misses A. M. Roper, E. Schum and Mrs. M. E. Harden.

St. Thomas' Mission is the third oldest in point of organization. The other two being St. Ann's, New York, and All Souls', Philadelphia.

The marriage of Mr. Jefferson D. Straughan and Miss Mary A. McFarland was solemnized at the Cathedral chapel by the Rev. J. H. Cloud, on the afternoon of the 12th inst. The bridal couple were assisted by Mr. F. W. A. Hammer and Miss Olive Janssen. They will make their future home in this city.

Mr. Harry Brandt, of St. Paul, was a recent visitor in the city and attended services at St. Thomas' Mission. He is a travelling salesman for a St. Paul firm. His deaf brother was one of the first pupils in the Day School which his father helped to establish.

The *Republic* of recent date contained the picture of Hon. C. K. Ladd, who has been endorsed for governor of Illinois by the Henry County Democrats. As Mr. Ladd is a step-brother of Mrs. G. T. Dougherty, his selection and election as governor of Illinois would doubtless be a good thing for the deaf of that State.

The absent are never without fault, nor the present without excuse.—*Franklin.*

If a man is worth knowing at all he is worth knowing well.—*Alexander Smith.*

A DARING PIECE OF BRAVADO.

(*Continued from First Page.*)

the windows, but nothing of the kind occurred.

Whatever illumination was being used inside, unless it might be at the back of the house must be thoroughly screened. I lingered full three-quarters of an hour for further development; then as none came, I began to think I had better not pursue the game any farther alone. Accordingly I betook myself to the police station, where I succeeded in making arrangements to have the house watched. Then I found a New York City directory, and looked up the residences of the four partners of Naylor & Company whom I had met. Only one of them proved to be readily accessible, namely, Mr. Warren, who lived in one of the great apartment houses near Central Park. I returned to New York and straightway got up town as quickly as practicable, and sought out Mr. Warren, whom I was so fortunate as to find at home.

The steamer Unser Fritz sailed at 9 the next morning for Southampton and Bremen. Two of its expected passengers, however, were not taken. They had been booked as "Mr. and Mrs. James Heathfield, of Chicago," and were said to be an elderly invalid and his young wife. It transpired later that their real names were Theodore Pembridge and Geraldine Stafford.

Pembridge's arrest was managed quietly, and proved to him a surprise as complete as it was disagreeable. He was taken to the house to which I had tracked him, by a detective in whose hands Mr. Warren had placed the matter, assisted by the members of the Hoboken police. The proceedings were kept as quiet as possible, and for a wonder no hint of them seems to have reached the general public. Without being positively assured of the facts, I am inclined to believe that Naylor & Co. dealt leniently with the defaulter. He was not prosecuted—perhaps on consideration of restoring all or a large share of the funds he had diverted into his own hoard—and soon afterwards his family disappeared from their former home, to join him, a repentant man—I like to fancy—in some distant part of the country, where his past shady record was unknown.

Naylor & Co. paid a high compliment to my acuteness in unearthing their supposed-to-be-drowned bookkeeper, besides embarrassing me not a little to furnish some plausible explanation as to how I chanced to get upon his traces. I succeeded in keeping my own counsel, at the cost of more or less prevarication, and the real inwardness of my connection with the capture remained to them a puzzle.

A few words as to Pembridge's strange whim in telling me so much about himself, and getting me to examine his books before his contemplated mock suicide, concealment of himself, and subsequent attempted flight: I take it that in thus violently severing his connection with his employers he wished if possible to leave behind him an unstained reputation. He had hit upon a scheme for deceiving them, a scheme of marvelous cunning, but he wanted to be quite sure it would stand the test. So he tried it upon an expert (not so expert then as later), and finding it succeeded satisfactorily, he had felt easy in his mind to carry out his nefarious arrangements as planned.

Of course his reference to the dashing widow and description of his own position towards his employers and his fellow-townsfolk was a piece of mere bravado, over which he might well have laughed had his escape to Europe been accomplished. Upon coming to my office he had worn a sandy-colored wig and false whiskers, and also had padded his lean figure into an appearance of rotundity; hence in trying to identify the supposed partner afterwards, my notice was unlikely to be drawn to the absconding bookkeeper, whose description differed from his in several important particulars. I understood now about the substitute nightwatchman; the regular one had been cunningly got out of the way because he must inevitably have noticed Pembridge's disguise. In one particular only could I detect any flaw in Pembridge's plans. He should have arranged somehow not to leave that bill of mine unsettled, for there lurked a menace of discovery. But the most cleverly contrived rascality usually leaves a loose end hanging out somewhere.—*Frank M. Bicknell in New York Evening Post.*

Detecting Flaws in Metal.

To detect hidden cracks opening from the surface of metals the surface is first moistened with kerosene and is then dried off with a cloth. It is then coated with chalk. After a little while the oil works out of the little cracks and stains the chalk. A sort of diagram of the hidden fissures and defects is thus produced.

CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Minnie Faulkner, the six weeks bride of Timothy Faulkner, the well-known deaf-mute shoemaker, had her husband arrested on the 4th for alleged assault and battery, the plaintiff claiming that the defendant had seen fit to abuse the privileges of his position as her lord and master by striking her in the face, beating her and otherwise causing her much anguish of both a physical and mental nature. Mrs. Faulkner futhermore claiming that her husband endeavored to act the part of "Bluebeard" by refusing to allow her to exchange neighborly visits with outsiders, and that when she naturally objected to such unreasonable efforts to deprive her of her liberty, he locked her in the house. When the case came to trial it was promptly dismissed, the defendent having been able to prove that he had only endeavored to persuade the plaintiff to remain in the shop once in a while when he was absent on business, and that far from having maltreated her, he had put up with a good deal of abuse on the part of his new-made wife.

The above proves to what an absurd extent a good many deaf-mutes will go in their hasty attempt to have revenge on others. The majority of the intelligent deaf in Los Angeles consider it a disgrace and a slur on their reputation as peaceable citizens to have such petty cases as thirst for vengeance, family squabbles and the like, brought into court upon the slightest opportunity. No wonder that this beautiful "City of the Angels" has the reputation of containing some of the worst nuisances in the shape of thick-headed deaf-mutes, west of the Mississippi. But the complainant in the above case cannot be credited with the dignity of a residence here, she having recently arrived in company with her friend, Mrs. P. Emery, wife of the one time principal of the day schools for the Chicago deaf, from that windy resort.

Since the recent abundant rains, business of all sorts appear to be steadily, if slowly, picking up; nevertheless, desirable work in the shape of steady jobs appear to be as hard as ever for the deaf to grasp, there being several heads of families at present out of work. If any sanguine individual back East imagines that Southern California is a regular paradise for the jobless and the idle, overflowing with milk and honey, he is a good deal off! To be sure, the milk and the honey are to be had here, but for each and all one is expected to pay a good round price; deaf-mutes not excepted. There is an old saying to the effect that:

"If you want honey you must have money," and California residents find the country about as difficult a place in which to live on credit as it is back east. "though we are assured that one lone person whose ears hear not neither doth his tongue speak." Though we are assured one thrifty claimant had had the audacity to at one time endeavor to escape being fined by the tax collector on the ground that he was a *mute*. and therefore untaxable, his idea probably being that a "mute" is something to be classed with an idiot or a lunatic. We are sorry to add that his ruse was successful. If that is the way in which deaf-mutes are anxious to be regarded by others, it is no wonder that so many generally fail in their efforts to obtain suitable employment.

ANGELICA.

LOS ANGELES, April 10, '98.

STRUCK BY A TRAIN:

Mrs. Kingsbury, a widow, 60 years old, was struck by a Sante Fe train in East Los Angeles about 5:30 o'clock Friday, last month, and sustained serious injuries. Mrs. Kingsbury, whose home is on the East Side, was a deaf-mute, consequently she did not hear the noise of the approaching train as she was crossing the track. The engineer gave the usual signal for street crossings, and supposed the woman would step out of harm's way. She had plenty of time to do so, had she been able to hear, but before she was aware of her danger she was struck by the engine and thrown to the side of the track. Her spine was injured and she was badly bruised about the arms and head. The injured woman was sent to the Sister's Hospital, where she was attended by the company's physician.

She expired on Friday, and her funeral took place on Sunday at an undertaker's rooms on North Main Street.

Her husband died about two years ago. They both came from Indiana. Their daughter and son are living in this city.

The place where Mrs. Kingsbury was struck by the engine came near being, so I was told, the scene of a similar disaster. Only a short time prior, Mrs. P. Emery, a woman well known among the deaf of Chicago, as being the wife of Mr. Emery, the ex-principol of the Chicago day school for the deaf, and who, in company with her husband, is here for the former's health, narrowly escaped a like fate. Mr. Redmond, of East Los Angeles, ditto recently.

WICK BROWN WINS.

Wick Brown was given the decision over "Dummy" Rowan recently, in the fifteen-round boxing contest before the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

The fighting was fast from the start. Brown was in fine condition, but Rowan looked too stout and certainly was clumsy on his feet. In the first few rounds, Brown had the advantage to such a degree that it did not seem likely Rowan could last to the end, but Rowan proved to be a stayer, and he was on his feet and fighting at the finish

Brown showed the more science, and did the more leading, and the bout was decided in his favor. Rowan's backers kicked and yelled for a draw, but Referee Brink was unmoved by the clamor. The decision was according to the rules and the evidence.

His young brother, John Rowan, got licked by another fighter a few days before that evening, at the same club. The brothers are graduates of the Illinois Institution. During their visit in the city they were guests of Mr. John Mills. He is the also from Jacksonville.

Mr. and Mrs. Converse, of Winchendon, Mass., who have been sojourning in California for some time past, returned to their home not long since on receipt of a telegram informing them of the death of Mrs. Converse's aged mother.

OBITUARY.

Miss Clarissa Johnson, whose death occurred in Bridgeport, Conn., was in her eighty-fifth year, and had been deaf and dumb since the age of four, at which time she had the spotted fever, which deprived her of her hearing.

She was educated at the old Hartford School, and graduated in 1834.

She had been almost a life-long sufferer from rheumatism, and that, with a broken hip, which accident occurred over twenty years ago, had rendered her nearly helpless.

Her eyes had been gradually failing her for several years, and for nearly two years previous to her death, she had been almost blind, during which time she had been confined to her bed with the exception of an hour or so daily, when she was placed in her rolling chair for a change and rest.

Although an intense sufferer during her life, she had always borne her afflictions with great patience and christian resignation, and was beloved by all who knew her.

Miss Johnson was a reader of the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL for several years, a privilege which she greatly enjoyed until compelled to abandon reading on account of her eyesight.

She was buried from the residence of her brother-in-law, Mr. Stillman, where she had spent the greater part of her life, two of the pall-bearers being deaf-mute friends of hers. Mr. Robert Beers and Mr. Seaman, of East Bridgeport.

Funeral service were conducted by Rev. H. D. Cone, Rector of Christ Episcopal Church, of which she had been alomst a life-long member.

JUST 1.

The figure "1" as indicating number or quantity does not mean a great many. Sometimes it is used to call attention to some particular article or thing which is different or in a distinct class by itself.

As, for example, the Cleveland is frequently alluded to as being "1" bicycle or line of bicycles which show improved construction for the season of 1899. In this class the figure "1" adds emphasis to the statement following it.

Then again you hear it said that there is "1" bicycle on the '99 market which runs easier, therefore requiring less effort to propel it, than others, and that "1" is the Cleveland fitted with Burwell Ball and Roller Bearings. More emphasis.

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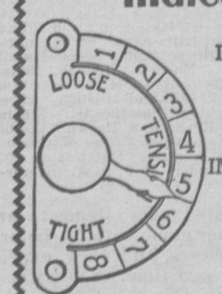
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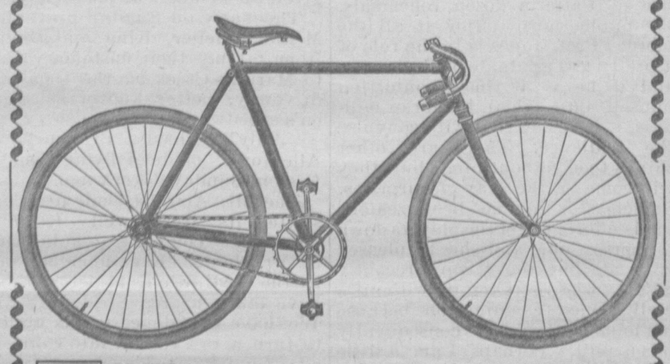
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